

10-11-1915

Letter from Eleanor Blair, Wellesley, Massachusetts,
to Mr. D.C. Blair, Montour Falls, New York, 1915
October 11

Eleanor Blair

Wellesley College Archives

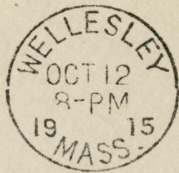
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10/11/15✓



Mr. D.C. Blair
Montour Falls
New York.

10 Fiske Cottage,
Wellesley, Mass.,
11 October, 1915.

Dear Blais,

I am T. J. E., I am! My hopes
and prayers weren't in vain.
And now that all my tremors are
over and I am fixed, I am
the happiest mortal atop this
old earth.

And my sponsor is a dear,
and T. J. E. president in the
bargain - namely Betsey Mason.
The notes came out this morning

by mistake so we were much surprised - expected to wait until the 4:15-mail.

When I saw that T. J. E. seal at the head of the letter from Betsey, I thought there was nothing more to desire - except to have Blanche here to tell. But I've written her the glad news, and that will have to do for now I suppose.

Betsy came down this afternoon with my picture and little pledge pin which each new member wears until after initiations. The picture is on my desk - if you don't remember what it looks like, hunt up T. J. E. in the pack of post cards.

And Mutter! Emma and
Dot Spelling, her cousin, are T. J. E.
Emma and I both put T. J. E.
just and have wanted so much
to go together — now we have,
Frank Shogood is with us, too,
and Harriet Legg, one of the girls
who was down at Treasure
Island.

This afternoon and evening, I
have done nothing but receive
callers. And when T. J. E. folks
weren't here, Rachel was entertaining
Shakespeare folks — she, too, got
her first choice. Of course we are
sorry we aren't together, but if we
had been, one would have had
to be a little disappointed. And
it's the biggest joke about our

sponsors - Each of us has the
president of her society. You
remember my speaking of Ad Orr?
She was the girl who was in
Watkins this summer and found
out after she left how near
Montauk was - she is Nebel's
sponsor.

I wish you could smell my
beautiful red roses. I have a
regular line-up in front of me -
J. E. putum, Blanche, and the
roses from Betty.

Goodnight family, and love
Happily Yours,
Eleanor.